The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

The Butterfly's House.

A LITTLE round hole in the large oak tree,
A butterfly's home I found;
The walls neatly hung with a green tapestry,
A moss carpet, soft as a carpet can be
And a gray lichen bedspread delightful to see,
Only a foot from the ground.

The house only measured four inches, I guess,
But there she sat in her door.
Of fine yellow satin her beautiful dress
Glistening under the sun's caress,
And she looked abroad in her loveliness
On the meadow spread before.

On the grass where the soft blue violet springs
And bobolink's song is heard,
And she gently waved her golden wings;
She felt the pleasure that summer brings
To all her gentle and innocent things,
Butterfly, flower and bird.

She waved her wings in a pleasant mood,
For she sat in her door to rest;
She took no care for her simple food
As though by her instinct she understood
The hand that made her was wise and good,
And peaceful was her breast.

Mrs O. D. Miller.

Channels for Love.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us,
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Alf got up, after he was thrown so rudely from the ship, he had in his confusion taken the wrong way, and all this time he had been running in the very opposite direction from that in which he ought to have gone.

The policeman had passed on. It was too late now to ask him how far away St. Luke's Hospital was. Alf turned his face in the opposite direction from that in which he had been going, and began retracing his steps.

He knew that it must be a long, long way to the Hospital from where he was; because he remembered that he had walked a long way with the sailor, and he had been running nearly ever since he left that ship, and all these steps had been taken in the wrong direction.

He felt so discouraged that he could have cried if that would have helped the matter any.

But this giving way to discouragement he knew would never do for him. Another's well being depended upon the amount of courage that he was able to keep up. He thought of John lying there among strangers, feeling so very anxious about him; of the promise that he had made of returning to him soon, and this thought spurred him on.

He forgot himself and his own weariness in the thought of his friend.

"Poor John, poor John," he said, "I wish I could fly to you. I hope you are asleep, and so have forgotten all these troubles."

Having no wings with which to fly, there was but one way left him, that was to return on his feet, the same way that he had come. Seeing this, he said to himself,

"I may as well take it cheerfully. I have not been to blame about it. John will understand that it was all an accident, and will not blame me for falling to hard fortune by the way. It will be all right when I get there. So I will make speed onward, and lose no time in regrets over what I cannot cure."

With this resolve, he hurried on. His feet seemed almost to have wings, so fast they carried him along. He ran as long as he could, and when he had to catch breath, he only slackened his speed but did not stop entirely.

He had no means of judging how fast he was going, for all parts of the long street looked much the same to him in the gaslight. But he knew that he must be getting on well. That this distance, like every other difficulty in this world, could be overcome by patient perseverance. So, as he ran, this thought came into his mind.

"If all wrong doers in this world tried to undo their wrongs as hard as I am trying to undo mine to-night, it would make good people out of bad ones pretty fast."

Then came the thought again,

"Ought not John and I to take the homeward track and undo this week's most unfortunate doing?"

The same arguments came into his mind that had troubled him whenever he had felt any inclination to this course before. But this time they seemed to have less weight with him. It seemed to him now that the sound of his mother's voice and the shelter of the home roof would more than compensate him for all the ridicule that he should have to endure from those outside, who could not understand that his coming back home was a much nobler thing than his going away from it.

"I will speak to John about this to-morrow morning," he thought, "and if he approves we will give up these hardships, and try home, sweet home once more."

The very thought made him feel as if he could fly.

For a moment he was checked, by thinking of the difficulties that they would have to encounter, in making the return journey over the same route that they had already proved to be so full of dangers. But the difficulties and dangers before them were equally great, and perhaps much greater. There was at least *home* at the end of the one route, and he knew not what at the end of the other.

Then for an instant came the thought, "Perhaps they will not take us in at home when we get there. It would be no more than we should deserve, since we have ourselves chosen to become wanderers. But oh, I will not think that. God does not treat his repentant children in that way. He always takes them in when they fly back to him after they have learned their folly and are willing to be good again. I will believe that earthly fathers and mothers will be glad to welcome their wanderers home. I am sure John will be delighted to go. How glad I shall be to tell him my decision."

While Alf had been thinking these things, his feet had flown almost as fast as his thoughts. He knew that he must have made a long distance since he turned around, and now he thought best to ask his whereabouts again.

"I will find a policeman and make the inquiry of him. They must know better than others because they are always walking in the street, and it is their business to know about places, and tell people directions that ask of them. Then a policeman would be sure not to play me any tricks or lead me away into any bad places."

Very soon after he made this resolve, he saw a policeman coming. The police were plenty at this time of the day in this part of the city.

John stopped him and said:

"Will you please tell me whether I am near St. Luke's Hospital?"

"You are not very near it, and I am afraid you will not get to it very easily from here."

"Why not?" said John, quite disheartened by the thought that there were new difficulties to be overcome.

"I have just heard that there is a row in this street above here, which extra police force has been called out to quell; and great crowds of people are rushing to see the fight."

"Should I be likely to be hurt if I went that way?"

"I would not like to warrant your safety," said the policeman; "it is at least a safe rule to keep away from places where such disturbances are going on."

"What shall I do then?"

"I would advise you to either wait here for an hour, or else go to St. Luke's Hospital some other way."

"I cannot wait," said Alf, "I must go at once, and in the quickest possible way."

"Well, you must remember that the longest way round is oftentimes the shortest way home. To attempt going through that way now would be madness."

"I didn't mean that I would attempt to go *that* way. But the next shortest way I *must* go, and that as quickly as I can, for I have a sick friend at the Hospital that I must get to at once"

"But you cannot get to any friend in the Hospital now."

"Why? what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that it is past the hours when visitors are allowed at the Hospital."

"But they will let me in, I am sure."

"I am very sure they will *not* let you in."

"Why I came from there but a few hours ago, and should have been back long before this but I met with a misfortune."

"Your excuses will not make any difference with the rules of a Hospital. No one is allowed to visit the Hospital after dark, and I am sure they will not make an exception in your favor."

"Oh, if this be so, what will poor John do? At least, I must try to get to him. Please direct me the shortest way, and I will go there."

The policeman directed how the Hospital could be reached without going through the place of danger, and Alf betook himself to it with quick steps.

He was not long in going over this route, and finding himself at the door of the Hospital he rang the bell and asked for admission.

The result was as the policeman had told him, he could not be admitted until the next day.

The door-keeper was deaf to his pleading. "The rule could not be broken," he said, "and there was no use to waste words about it."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

THE first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things. How many a poor outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered had he made a beginning!

The Beautiful Land.

THERE'S a Beautiful Land, by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there.
Its crystalline streams with a murmurous flow
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath
Make the air with their melodies rife;
For now they are freed from the thraldom of death,
And their king is the Giver of Life!
An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice as it thrills thro' the depth of the skies
Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of that Beautiful Land
Walk the saints who are faithful in this,
And their crown-circled brows by the zephyrs are fanned
That evermore murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers,
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

The prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
And the martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And the saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left as they walked thro' the darkness of wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light;

And the dear little children who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
And the young and the old who made Jesus a guest
In their heart's holy temple within —
All are there, all are there—in the Beautiful Land,
The land by the spoiler untrod,
And their radiant brows by the breezes are fanned
That blow from the gardens of God.

My soul hath looked thro' its bright gateway of dreams
To the city and pavements of gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmuring streams
As through the green valleys they rolled;
And though I still wait on this desolate strand
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet I know, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That I've gazed on the home of my birth.

GŒTHE was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproved, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother, "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman. A full-blown flower, sprinkled with purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault."

For the Myrtle.

In our Boat.

A SONG.

Out on the lake we glide,
Rocked on its silver tide,
As with noiseless ebb and flow
The wavelets come and go.

Lapping our little boat,
Chasing us while we float,
See how we run a race
With the ripples that laugh and chase.

Bright is the summer sky,
Lightly the breeze goes by;
Birds in the quivering trees
Twittering joy to the breeze.

Round us the lilies thrive
And the lake-birds sail and dive, —
All things are glad and bright
In the great sun's smiling light.

So let us sail and sing,
And feel how sweet a thing
Is life, with all it gives
To every soul that lives. *H. A. B.*

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both that is not pleased,
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

The Eye that Looks upon us.

A PAINTER, very well known and very much beloved, died last year in England. His principal work was to prepare the illustrations for the magazines and newspapers which are adorned with pictures. His name was Leech. When a boy, he attended a large public school. It was a boarding school; and here he would remain during the long terms, away from his parents. The little fellow when he first left his home would be homesick enough; but after a while, in the company of his companions, this would wear away. But his mother, having no one to take his place, pined to see her boy. It was not customary for parents to visit their children at the school, but the loving mother felt such a strong desire to see her son, that she arranged a plan.

All around the playground of the school were large blocks of buildings. So Mrs. Leech hired an upper room in one of these houses, from the windows of which the whole playground could be seen. Into this room went the tender mother every time she came to the cit , and there from the window she would look down on the happy little fellows playing below. One, among them all, her fond eye would seek out. He did not know that any one was looking upon him. He did not think that his best friend on earth was so near that if he had spoken her name she would have answered at once. But on he went with his play, while that tear-dimmed eye followed him wherever he moved.

A mother's eye cannot be always upon us. Our voice may not always reach a parent's ear. There is One, however, always looking down upon us. That Eye is as tender as a mother's. By day and by night, when we wake and when we sleep, he is looking upon us. If we whisper to him he will hear us. It is our Father in heaven. "When father and mother forsake us, then the Lord will take us up."

How a kind and generous act of her little boy would please that unseen mother above him! How a selfish and wicked act would grieve her!

Our heavenly Father smiles from above down upon our hearts when we do right; and we grieve the Holy Spirit when we do wrong.

Let us not forget that Eye. Let us not forget how loving that Heart that looks down through the Eye. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—*Zion's Herald.*

For the Myrtle.

The Fisher Boy.

SITTING on our piazza last evening with a company of friends, two of whom were telling us their plans for an excursion to Cape Cod to-day, we heard a story of a Cape Cod fisher boy, as pretty as it is true, which we are going to repeat, and let our artist illustrate, hoping it will interest our dear readers as much as it did us.

Captain A—— our friends said, was a Cape Cod skipper, which means the captain of a fishing boat. Many years ago when he was a young man in the business, he made a short voyage

with a naturalist who was very deeply engaged in the study of fishes. Captain A—— became very much interested in this man and his studies and experiments; for he knew more about fishes in their every day names and habits than half the naturalists of the country put together.

He said to himself, "Now this man makes something by his knowledge of fishes; why not I, then, who know so much more about them?" Then he thought of his ignorant fisherman's life and his lack of learning, and thought sadly, "How can I whose school-days have been so few and who know so little about the great world of science, ever hope to become a naturalist?"

But the man watched his interest and encouraged his thought. "A few books will tell you about the scientific names and classes of fishes," he said, "and your experience is worth more than all our study."

So Captain A—— bought books and read what the great scholars had written about fishes, and afterwards in all his fisherman's work he kept up the study with the practice of his calling. Presently he wrote for the papers about some curious facts he had found that had not been discovered by others. So he came not only to grow famous all along the shore for his knowledge about the sea and its inhabitants, but also to be known by learned men all over the country. Mr. Agassiz, the great naturalist, was not long in finding out this rare man and doing him honor, and many a voyage they had along the coast together, Mr. Agassiz as glad to avail himself of the help of the practical sailor as Captain A—— was to learn of the great scholar.

One winter Mr. Agassiz said to Captain A——, "You must come up to Boston and give twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute on the subject of fishes."

Captain A—— said he could never do it. He had no fine language to command, knew nothing about the arts of public speaking and could not even pronounce the Latin names of his fishes correctly.

All that made no difference, Mr. Agassiz said; he knew all about the fishes themselves, and if he would only tell that in his own way everybody would be satisfied. But he need not fear to be criticized for but few would hear him. The subject was not popular and the audiences would be small and would grow no larger as he went on. So Captain A——, thinking he should meet only a few lovers of the subject like himself, consented at last to make the lectures.

But all this is not about the fisher boy, you say; well, you shall now hear about him.

He was Captain A——'s son, a handsome, sturdy, spirited boy as ever was brought up on the shore. But somehow he did not take kindly to the life of his father either as fisherman or scholar. He would fall into a day-dream leaning on his net by the seashore instead of having it set for a haul; he would rather lie on deck and watch the waves than mind the sails, or throw a fish adrift to study its bright spots or silver sides glistening in the sun than dress it for market. And as for his father's books with their horrid Latin jargon he could not be hired to open them except here and there where a bright picture gleamed out from their pages. "I don't know what to do with the boy," said his father, "he will, never be good for anything anywhere, I fear." But his mother knew a certain little room where he kept treasures, and spent many busy hours; where he made dyes of sea weeds and carried paints bought with all his spare pennies, and she "pondered all these things in her heart."

One day the boy wanted to go away to the town for a holiday, for some great show was in town and he loved such display and noisy good times, like all lively and healthy boys. His father had no rest from his teasing for days beforehand. As a last appeal he said timidly, at length, "Father, if you'll let me go, I'll paint you a codfish."

"I suppose you'll have to go," said his father, "for you won't be good for anything at home. I don't care anything about your paint-daubs, though you may as well work away at that as be idle."

But when the codfish appeared, the father found it so exceedingly well painted that he opened his eyes in astonishment, and sent the boy off to the show happy, with an extra dollar in his pocket.

When next Mr. Agassiz went down to the Cape and saw the picture, his surprise was equal to the father's and his delight much greater.

"Why that is the very thing!" he cried. "This boy is just what you want to paint the charts and illustrations for your lectures. You are rich, Captain A——, in such a son to help you."

So that is the way the fisher boy began his work of painting, by preparing the pictures of

fishes and the ocean-charts for his father's lectures at the Lowell Institute.

The lectures were given, and though Mr. Agassiz could not be present at the first ones, the fame of the skipper-naturalist brought a large audience to hear what he had to say. And it grew larger as he went on. For people found he had so much to say in his own simple, quaint style, pronouncing the scientific terms in strange ways of his own yet never having one incorrect, that they found it delightful as well as instructive to listen. At length Mr. Agassiz was present on the evening when Captain A—— lectured on sharks; for which the skipper was glad, for he had two or three facts about sharks that even Mr. Agassiz did not know. And when the lecture was done, Mr. Agassiz with his grand enthusiasm went up to the platform and put his arms about Captain A—— and begged his pardon, saying in his charming broken English, "I ought to have known you could not deliver a course of lectures that would not be popular."

But the success of the lectures was greatly helped by the charts and pictures of the little fisher boy, though no one in the Boston audience knew, probably, that the lecturer had such a helper in his little boy at home.

So for several years the father wrote and lectured, and the boy painted and studied, until Mr. Agassiz took the young artist under his own charge and helped him to the best education in his art. And he is at this very time, our friends said, by the help of his kind and illustrious friend, in Europe, studying marine painting, and he will doubtless return to his native land by and by to be an honor to art as his father has been to science. *H. A. B.*

A Lord in the Family.

A POMPOUS, silly school boy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; having exhausted his topics, with an important air he asked one of his school-fellows, —

"Are there any 'lords' in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow; "there is one at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder brother."

The boy was right; and as he grew up, it was his privilege to know more of this elder brother, and to tell the multitudes the tidings of his grace.

Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know him as their elder brother!

Our Sunday Schools.

These summer days when so many of our schools have their vacations teem, after all, with Sunday School news so that we fear many items will be neglected.

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

was never so generally celebrated nor more enjoyable to the children and all concerned. Let not our readers imagine that those celebrations we have mentioned in the three last numbers cover a tenth part even of the number reported by letter or through our various papers. We ought to make especial mention of the observance at Quincy, Mass, the first ever held there, and so pleasing in every way as to make the custom an established one hereafter.

At Marblehead, the celebration was of remarkable interest and we judge the first held there. The decorations were of rare taste. The pulpit was removed, and an arch supported by four white pillars erected over the platform. On the front of the arch was the motto in evergreen, "Feed my lambs," and under its crown was a dove as if descending upon the baptismal font below. Rare plants were mingled with the decorations and birds among the flowers mingled their notes with the singing. Twenty infants were presented for dedication by their parents, afterwards eighteen young persons and then children of the school until the number reached one hundred and five.

At Hingham, in addition to the baptism of infants, the service was made interesting by the addition to the church of a Sunday School teacher and her entire class. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. P. Livermore, after which Mrs. Livermore, who was present, gave an interesting talk to the children. In the evening the school celebrated its anniversary, when a beautiful picture was presented by the school to its Superintendent, Mr. Edmund Hersey.

Very interesting services were held at the First Church at Portland, Me., where twenty children were christened, the service followed by a sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gibbs, on the text, "And a little child shall lead them." Peculiar features of the decorations were the canaries, whose cages were suspended from each bracket among the flowers, a large anchor of rarest flowers in front of the desk, a cross formed of the tiny bouquets for the children, and a bed of roses three feet square entirely covering the communion table.

We read of interesting celebrations at Biddeford, Me., Bristol, Huntington, Rochester and other places in N. Y., at Titusville, Penn., Sharonville, Ohio, and among our schools in the West generally,

——Do the duty that belongs to the present, now. Do not wait for some better time. We have heard of a person who would not give where his money was needed until he could give a large sum. When he had a large part of the desired sum, he lost it by fire. "Say not unto thy neighbor, go, and to-morrow come again, and I will give, when thou hastit by thee." To-morrow is not yours.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCVII.

CHRIST IN JERUSALEM.

"It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxiii. 1–12; Mark xii. 38, 39; Luke xx. 45, 46.

Question. — What instruction did Jesus give to the multitude and to his disciples?

Answer. — Math. xxiii. 2, 3.

NOTE. They were interpreters of the law, and their interpretations of its requirements were to be complied with. But anything required by tradition and not by the law, was not to be observed.

Q. — Of what were the Scribes and Pharisees guilty?

A. — Math. xxiii. 4.

NOTE. It would require a large space to mention and describe the burdens imposed by the traditions. The times for prayer were made very frequent and were fixed at most inconvenient hours. All drink was to be strained lest there might be some insect in it which would produce religious uncleanliness. The hands were frequently washed to be sure that no religiously unclean thing might pass from them into the mouth. And they even required that the water which was used for washing should be carefully strained. They required that tithes should be paid of every little thing, even of the little bunch of herbs growing in the garden for family use. By such requirements, men were constantly fearing that they had broken some law, neglected some requirement or made themselves religiously unclean, and life was made a burden to every person who was sincerely seeking to serve God perfectly. Although man was overburdened with religious requirements which assisted to no diviner life, these men would not do anything to relieve men of the burdens resting upon the soul and consuming the life.

Q. — For what purpose did the Scribes and Pharisees do these works?

A. — Math. xxiii. 5.

Q. — What did they do to parts of their dress?

A. — Math. xxiii. 5.

NOTE. Phylacteries were pieces of parchment with portions of the law written upon them, and they were worn on the forehead, the left arm and the left breast. These were made large to attract attention and give the impression of great religiousness in the wearer. For the same purpose, they enlarged the ribbon that was drawn through the hem of their outer garments.

Q. — Of what were the Scribes and Pharisees fond?

A. — Math. xxiii. 6, 7.

Q. — What did Jesus charge his disciples?

A. — Math. xxiii. 8.

Q. — Why should they not permit themselves to be called Rabbi?

A. — Math. xxiii. 8, 10.

Q. — If any would be great among them, in what way should he make himself great?

A. — Math. xxiii. 11.

Q. — In Christian society, what would become of him who should endeavor to gain place and power by improper ways?

A. — Math. xxiii. 12.

Q. — And what should result to him who would serve God and man in lowliness?

A. — Math. xxiii. 12.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 26, 3, 12, 13, 14, 40, 37, 33, 18, was an ancient city.

My 27, 18, 15, 12, was an eastern caliph, or prince.

My 6, 5, 42, 13, 14, was a king who took a city and destroyed it.

My 14, 40, 12, 15, 4, 33, 20, 14, was once a powerful nation.

My 15, 3, 16, 5, 40, was a name given to a city by a king who partly rebuilt it.

My 10, 8, 7, is pleasure.

My 10, 25, 34, 14, were the descendants of Jacob.

My 35, 5, 20, 20, 29, 18, was an ancient valley.

My 23, 19, 34, 11, 41, 14, were common in vineyards.

My 40, 20, 31, 36, 20, 5, 15, was the name of a tower.

My 10, 22, 41, 5, 21, 43, 19, was a city of Palestine.

My 39, 16, 15, 2, was an ancient valley.

My 1, 24, 17, 38, 15, 41, 23, 32, is terrestrial.

My 9, 28, is an expression of contempt.

My whole is a lamentation for an ancient city, and its departed greatness.

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